

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. III.—NO. 45.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOLUNTEER TESTIMONIALS

TO

The New York Saturday Press.

From the Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.

A very able and really dignified literary print.

From the New York Daily Times.

The SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest of the literary weeklies, and almost the only one which possesses any very salient peculiarities of character and tone.

From the N. Y. Sunday Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS contains wit enough, and good writing enough to entitle it to a hearty support from all the cultivated and right-thinking classes.

From the New York Day Book.

We believe everywhere, unless he is a shaman and a charlatan, like this spirited, outspoken sheet. The individuals excepted hold it in holy horror; for the manner it pitches into nonsense of all kinds in its sharp, sentences, French way, as if referring to the pure-minded and virtuous, as it is destined to the humbug.

From the N. Y. Leader.

A spirited embodiment of literary Bohemianism.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

It is edited with much spiritfulness and ability. Its dramatic feuilleton is particularly lively. Altogether, we hold the SATURDAY PRESS and its specialities as a real addition to the best newspaper literature of the day.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—a paper always distinguished for its independence and originality.

From the N. Y. Traveler.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the best weekly papers we have seen. It is a great value to all those who wish to keep a constant of all the news.

From the New York Dispatch.

We want our countrymen to understand that the New York SATURDAY PRESS is the most useful, clever, independent, and popular literary weekly now or ever published anywhere. It is just a little over a year old, and has most ably struggled through the obstacles which always attend the wearing of new publications in the newspaper line. For our own part, we are free to confess that we take up no paper with more eagerness, and peruse some of all our exchange list, which is over large, with half as much satisfaction as the SATURDAY PRESS. Now, we would willingly pay fifty cents a copy rather than do without it, and the subscription price is only \$1 per annum. The SATURDAY PRESS cannot be induced by money or patronage to put anything or anything not deserving free favorable mention, and as is free and independent as it is witty, sprightly, and just in all matters of art, literature, and social questions. It is the paper for intelligent and independent people.

From the New York Transfer.

The New York SATURDAY PRESS, the spiritfulness, wit, frankness, and originality, and the most original, outspoken, and continuous American literary weekly.

From the Philadelphia Press.

We are moved by no consideration save genuine merit to commend the SATURDAY PRESS to the attention of the public. The SATURDAY PRESS, published in New York by Henry Chapin, Jr., is really the first attempt in this country at a pure, decent, unadorned literary journal, and is free from the nauseating traits of the majority of the weeklies. The criticisms of affairs in the artistic and social realm are intelligent, and always in point; the home news and outside the best things of the week, and a feature whose worthy subscription is the weekly book-list, accurately prepared.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the most independent of all the weeklies.

From the Boston Herald.

The New York SATURDAY PRESS is one of the five weekly journals of the country, and we observe that the English literary press make constant extracts from it.

From the Boston Courier.

The New York SATURDAY PRESS is a paper which speaks with new brightness at each appearance.

From the Boston Recorder.

We know of no literary journal, either in this country or in England, which, on the whole, we should prefer to it; and we heartily commend it to all who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the issues of the American and English press, and other current matters in literature.

From the Boston Commonwealth.

We have been much pleased with the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS, which strikes us as being the sprightliest, frankest, and truest in its criticisms upon literature of any journal out. It contains the completed picture list of new books, and books in press.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The SATURDAY PRESS is mainly devoted to current literary news, belles lettres, the fine arts, etc., and is one of the best journals of the kind ever published in this country.

From Dwight's Journal of Music.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is one of the liveliest and most interesting of our exchanges.

From the New York Correspondent of the Boston Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS, to which I have before made allusion, though hardly to be called a weekly, is nevertheless the most witty and intellectually vigorous weekly we have ever had in this city. Its columns always contain a score or more of original jokes, which would startle one into a laugh, or make him cry "good," even at his own fault.

From the Hartford Courant.

A vigorous, original, lively, and independent literary weekly. It is distinguished above any paper in the United States for its fresh and accurate literary intelligence, the independence and vigor of its leading articles, the choice of its miscellaneous matter, and, especially, for its complete weekly list of new books, and books in press. To the scholar, the literary man, and the man of taste, in all matters of art and literature, we consider this paper almost a necessity.

From the New Haven Palladium.

This literary weekly, now in its second year, we consider one of the ablest purely literary papers published in the United States. It contains each week a book-list of from one to two columns, embracing all works, American and foreign, just out or to be issued; an admirable chronicle; the best original and selected tales and sketches; and an interesting correspondence; a full review of the week's literary and art intelligence; a very prompt dramatic feuilleton, etc.; besides bold and independent editorials upon all prominent topics of the day from the pen of the talented editor. To the literary man, the scholar, the man of business—in fact, to all classes of intelligent readers—this paper just fills a want never before met.

From the Providence Journal.

The most attractive journal for literary men and book-collectors which has fallen under our notice in the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS.

From the Scranton Republican.

It conducted with great spiritfulness and vigor. Its editors are evidently men who do their own thinking, and give independent criticisms on passing events and current literature. It is especially valuable to the literary man and the booklover, by reason of its publication of the weekly issues of the leading publishing houses in the country.

From the Rochester Daily News.

A paper that cannot be hired to puff what it thinks worthless. The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS is a valuable antidote to the urbane of New York weekly pressmen.

From the Burlington Times.

We remain of opinion that the SATURDAY PRESS is the ablest edited and most entertaining weekly paper in New York.

From the Springfield (Ohio) Journal.

The N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS—the sharpest paper on the Continent.

From the Ohio State Journal.

When you take up the SATURDAY PRESS, you seldom go so far as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom go so far as to be a subscriber to that paper, you seldom go so far as to be a subscriber to that paper. It is the best of papers.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Courier.

The SATURDAY PRESS is very well edited, and is unquestionably, as a literary journal, a very able one.

From the West Troy Democrat.

The SATURDAY PRESS is one of the most independent, outspoken journals it was ever our pleasure to read. The Press gives the only complete list of new publications, foreign and home, anywhere to be found. It is therefore invaluable to those desiring to keep themselves posted in literary matters.

From the Springfield (Ohio) News and Journal.

The sharpest paper in the country.

From the Xenia News.

The sanctiest and most pleasant of our literary weeklies.

From the Hudson (Ontario) Review.

We esteem it the best journal of its class that is published in America. Its articles are pungent and spicy, and evince not only a high order of talent, but genius on the part of its editor and regular contributors.

From the Rochester Daily News.

The New York SATURDAY PRESS is a paper we add to our exchange list with great pleasure, and hope it will be sent to us regularly. As we want the SATURDAY PRESS for our own reading, we hope Mr. Chapin will see that his clerk puts the Press on his regular list. The SATURDAY PRESS has indiscriminate puffing as bad as we do, and is doing more for literary art and letters than any two papers in the Union.

From the Fulton County Democrat.

The New York SATURDAY PRESS is the best and most independent literary paper in the State, with the single exception of the *Home Journal*, which has no particular claims to independence. The Press has all the wit and none of the stupidity of the *London Figaro*.

From the Yonkers Herald.

We believe no one who has once bought and read the SATURDAY PRESS, will be without it afterwards—that is, if it is in any place where it can be obtained.

From the Bergen County Journal.

A sparkling, racy sheet, which under its present vigorous management, seems destined to meet with the success it deserves.

From the Cleveland Courier.

The New York SATURDAY PRESS is one of the sharpest and witliest literary papers in the country. If you want a paper that has some originality about it, subscribe for the SATURDAY PRESS.

From the "The Plot" for November.

The moonlight is full of the fragrance of the blooming orchard trees. And the dewy silence is haunted With a dream of moonday bees.

The moonlight lily beside her

Is not so fair as her face.

The curved stalk of the lily

Has not her slender grace.

With languid palms together

She sits by the window long.

In at the window the perfume

Breathes like a subtle song.

Too subtle-sweet for numbers:

And sighing for all the years

Of loveless splendor and sorrow.

Her eyes are full of tears.

W. D. HOWLAND.

From the London Saturday Review.

THE author of a very able and instructive criticism on Mr. Thackeray's writings in the last *Westminster Review* has happened to use a term which he may have used by chance, or which may have meant something to his mind, but which has become a piece of delusive clap-trap among inferior writers. He tells us that certain words of art of which he is speaking are only to be appreciated by "loving and reverent criticism."

It would be absurd to say that such a phrase is necessarily an incorrect, or unmeaning, or bad one; but on the first hearing it we can detect a jingle which tells us that the region of vague thought and grandiloquent morality is not far off; and, as a matter of fact, we know that this is one of the phrases which both writers and readers allow to stand between themselves and accuracy of judgment. Originally the phrase was natural enough. It had a temporary and historical value. The school of writers who first brought it into use consisted of men whose leading antipathy was to the conceit of the nineteenth century, and whose leading topic was the greatest display by the human mind in certain ages that were very ill-judged. They were struck with astonishment and filled with indignation when they compared, on the one hand, the intensity of intellectual and moral effort which the labors of the great dead indicated to their practical eye, and on the other, the petty acts of supercilious indifference with which the ignorant critic and hasty traveler of the present day treated the glories of the past as almost beneath notice. By patient study and by the instinctive sympathy of genius, a few persons learnt what had been really intended and really accomplished by those whose works have survived the wreck of time. They preached to their generation the results of their own experience. They told their contemporaries who criticized the great works of great men, that the only way for the critic to understand the man he criticized was to acknowledge that the servant was beneath his master, and the disciple beneath his teacher, and that they must follow the path of thought and enterprise where the great men led them, before they could pretend to judge where it was taking them. The critic must, in fact, think himself the inferior, and reverse his superiority. His criticism must cease to be presumptuous, and must become reverent. And the comprehension of great minds involves much labor and much patient study. The task cannot be taken up by any profane student who has fostered a strong liking for it. His criticism must, they said, by a rather bold use of language, be a "loving one." This they proclaimed to be the only mode of judging the great creations of the human intellect with any degree of success, and it was the exact opposite to the mode which they found generally practiced. To concede, therefore, they preached humility, and to contemptuous indifference they preached affectionate patience.

They took up their parable to their generation, and, whatever faults of manner and method they may have displayed, no one can doubt that they were right, that they have done a vast amount of substantial good, and that the general level of criticism has been greatly raised by their efforts. But all these parables addressed to particular generations have the disadvantage of leaving behind them a set of phrases which are adopted as having an acknowledged value because their value at one time was real, but which, after the occasion that called them forth has passed away, become mere obstacles to clear and independent thought.

"Reverent and loving criticism" is one of these phrases. The general lesson which it once taught has been successfully inculcated. No critic who has the least pretension to critical power is now unaware that he must try to understand what was meant and felt by the person on whom he is passing a judgment. But the phrase remains, and its present use can be distinctly traced to its origin. It was from the first didactic. It told people what they were to do. It conveyed a rebuke, and suggested the road to amendment. But the persons who first used it had a right to use it, for they had the vintage-ground of real knowledge, diligently acquired; and the purpose for which they said it was unimpaired, for they only asked the student and love towards what was consciously and unadulteratedly

great. It is very different when the phrase is used merely by one of a crowd towards his fellows, and with regard to works the value of which has yet to be settled. An ordinary critic who says of a new production that it must be approached with reverence and loving criticism, really tells us nothing but that he likes the thing, and that, if he does not like it, he should consider on the sort of people that wanted a good reason for not liking it. We remember to have read somewhere, when Mr. Hunt's picture was first exhibited this year, that it could not be judged properly unless it was approached with reverence. This was entirely begging the question of its merits. It was saying, "This is a great work of art, and if you do not think so, you are not a judge of art." It was substituting dogmatism for criticism. It was evident that the writer really wished to do more than express his own opinion, which of course he had a perfect right to do. He wished to give a slap in the face to those who dared to disagree with him. He wished to let them know that it was their moral obliquity that prevented their seeing as he did. It comes to the old assertion of all dogmatists, that it is very wicked to disagree with them. What he would have been justified in saying would have been, "I think this a great picture, and if I am right, it is evident that it can only be understood by trying to follow the painter's thought, and taking the necessary trouble to do so." No one can fail to see that there is a difference between saying this and saying that the picture must be criticized reverently and lovingly, and the difference expressed the writer's pleasure in sermonizing his neighbors.

Criticism, in the long run, has only one duty—that of being true. What is wanted is that the judgment pronounced should be a true judgment, not that it should be reverent or loving. To estimate merit or demerit by the right standard is the sole aim of a critic. Of course, if the work he is criticizing is acknowledged to be great, he is bound to take great pains to understand it, and he must be well aware that he cannot possibly arrive at a true judgment about it unless he enters into the conception that lies at the bottom of it, and examines minutely the line in which this conception has been worked. These are the resources of his art, the steps by which he arrives at truth. If an author is not intelligent, or if he has no thought worth investigating, or if what he has is limited, the task of the critic is easy. If the thought can be understood, but is complex and comprehensive, his task is difficult. "Reverent and loving criticism" is merely a means to an end, and it is necessarily laborious. But it seems to mean something more, and this false appearance cannot be worn without doing harm. It may seem at first that it can make little difference whether we are critics that it is laborious in the search of truth or that it is reverent and loving. But practically it makes a considerable difference, for the better-sounding phrase calls people off from the task of passing a true and just judgment, and makes them inclined to substitute a subtle kind of self-applause for the simple wish to be right. It is quite worth while to prevent this; for it is only by tearing away all the veils which people construct to hide realities from their minds that they can be taught to think fairly and freely.

There are, we think, two ways in which the use of this phrase, "reverent and loving criticism," tends to inspire a forgetfulness that the single aim of criticism is to be true. In the first place it offers a premium on all prejudices and on the cherished opinions of all men, and thus it tends to make criticism a mere belief in, and refusal to examine and discuss, is exactly that which they reverse and do. Nothing, therefore, seems so comfortable as to hear that by judging of favorite opinions in a reverent and loving spirit, a good judgment is formed. Let us take, for example, the case of a religious party. A work is brought out by a leader of this party, and is submitted to the criticism (if we may use the term) of the party at large. Those who attempt to guide the opinions of the party will proclaim that this new work is to be approached with reverence, and be made the subject of "loving criticism." Practically, this means that all the readers are to preserve an attitude of slavish and unquestioning admiration, unless they wish to be outcasts. It may be said that such a book ought not to be the subject of loving criticism, and that this species of judgment is properly reserved for great books. But who is to be the judge? Every partisan thinks himself at liberty to adopt his own standard of greatness and goodness when reverence and love are his guide. He is to be reverently and lovingly through all his varying applications of the obscure names in Euclid to modern statesmen. It cannot be doubted that they are encouraged to do so by a general habit of speaking which they find in books quite unconnected with their favorite author, and which speaks of reverence and love as the proper instruments of criticism. Of course, a writer of real ability understands that truth is everything, and that reverence and love are steps to it, and therefore he may use the phrase as the author of the article in the *Westminster* uses it, as if every one must regard it in the light in which it appears to him. But it so exactly falls in with the tastes of narrow thinkers and minor fanatics to adopt it in a sense which makes it imply that the necessity for independent examination can be superseded by the attainment of a particular frame of mind, they would be utterly unlike themselves if they did not take advantage of their opportunity.

Then again, this phrase lends some sanction to the process by which a very different and very superior order of criticism is tempted to sever from the proper task of criticism. The foundation of the phrase is the call upon the judge to enter into the meaning of the judged. It is perfectly right and perfectly indispensable that he should do so; but it is quite possible that he may be so antipathetic with doing it. He may content himself with understanding; and understanding is not judging. There are critics who make the passing of an opinion entirely subordinate to the getting into what the person criticized is understood by his admirers, or by the critic himself, to mean. This is unfeeling, but it is not critical. It is properly an instrumental, not a final process. A critic is bound to have an opinion of his own, not only as to the meaning but to the value of what is written. Unless he can say why a critic should think his opinion of the value of a

work of art is the least worth publishing? If he does not mean reverently and lovingly study of it, he does not mean to study it at all. It is a question of knowing it is not his own fault, and if by special grace he is entirely unimpaired, he is saved a world of future trouble. If we were certain the soul would be satisfied as well as the body, I suppose there is not one of us but would engage as stockers on the 'Camden and Amboy.'

"That is a miserable bachelor's view of it," said Lillian.

"O! now!" responded Chesterfield, "that sort of thing won't go down. You've got a skeleton in your closet, Mr. Lily, as well as the rest of us."

"What we need," broke in Windsor, "is more earnestness. Could we be all of us imbued with something worth living for. Life is a failure, not because there is no field for action, but because we are spurred by no high purpose."

"Windsor has been among the liberal Christians, I fear," said Robinson.

"Both your high purposes," remarked the father. "Who was the happiest man, old Isaac Walton, who spent his days fishing and writing away English, or Hugh Miller, who had a 'high purpose' and shot himself to get rid of it?"

"More happiness," observed Robinson, "is not the point. What says Tushetdröckh? What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy? There's something to put in your pipe and smoke. Besides, what makes Chesterfield think such small beer of life in general, but the very fact that he is not content with the 'doleful niente' of life? Here he is with plenty to eat and drink, friends, books, and new clothes to wear, and yet calls life a failure. Now according to Windsor, for instance, he was bent upon getting the world to adopt his Improved Patent Pen Persuader, he would have a sphere of usefulness and a high hold upon life."

"Exactly," said Windsor; "all he wants is to be in earnest."

"No matter what about, I suppose?" rejoined Chesterfield. "It is by just such logic that so many fussy pretensions in art and literature are foisted upon us. Men who go about making a great noise over a small matter—how many manage by their 'earnest' pretensions to hold the ear of the public all the time. Who are puffed by, and praise in turn, all the other men of straw?"

"Well," said the father, "happiest of all is the Poo-foo Islander, where there are no missionaries. I wish I was one of 'em."

A view from the White Mountains now engaged the attention of the party. Some of us who had been there recognized the locality.

"Briggs, my boy," said Robinson, "do you recollect the Judge's daughter in the Flower House?"

"Of course I do, and Slap's manœuvring to scrape an acquaintance by inviting the party to join us in a ride."

"Yes, and how poor Slap put his foot in it, as usual, by his rightful position."

"How was that?" asked the ladies.

"Why," continued Robinson, "Slap, as the boldest man of the party, had come into the coach, and then by way of breaking the ice, asked the bidding dame if ever she had been there before. 'Yes,' she replied, 'I came through the Notch seventeen years ago with my father.' And do you notice much change?"

Unconsciously enquired Slap, jumping at anything to keep up the conversation. "Why, how old do you take me to be, sir, that I should compare observations with eleven years ago?" was the sharp response that condescended poor Slap to temporary oblivion.

"Now," said Slap, "let me have my turn, and tell me about Robinson. You all remember Hypatia the brilliant. She wasn't torn to pieces by the mob, like her namesake, but she dropped into the tomb of matrimony, which is about as bad. However, it so happened one night that Hypatia was expatiating upon the merits of her big Newfoundland dog. He could open doors and carry baskets, and do all the things that well-bred dogs ever do. There sat Robinson dying to say something smart. He thought he saw it. 'By all accounts,' said he, 'the dog must be the smartest member of the family.' He knows enough to keep his mouth shut," quoth Robinson. The laugh now rather turned against the latter gentleman, and Slap was considered to have 'hugged' somebody at this stage suggested music, and Zenoah being called upon took her seat at the piano and sang to a wild strain the following moroccan from the German:

"I am the storm that Northward seems to flee,
Thou art the moonlight on the tranquil sea,
How can I with such a Thou agree?"

"Thou art the beam that lights the lily's eye
I will hail that from the black cloud flee—
O! endless chain that between us lies!"

"I wild, inconstant, earth's dark guest, and Thou,
With almost angel clearness on thy brow;
Come, love, and show thyself almighty now!"

After this Cypri got upon his favorite subject of religious art, and he might have gone on as long as the "Modern Painters" if supper had not been luckily announced. The table was spread with all the taste and liberality of the artist, and supper passed off amid a volley of sharp shooting. As Cypri's rare Burgundy began to have its perfect work we waxed merry, and towards the "ama" hours the neighborhood might have been aroused by our classic clinks. The "Monterey Married the Baboon's Sister," Chesterfield's fine-toned leading off, while Slap's majestic bass brought up the stocks into the great sea of talk.

"This," said Cypri pointing to a sea-coast scene, "is one of the fruits of my last summer's labors. You observe the sand-pipers I have introduced on the shore under the very shadow of the breakers picking up their fragrant meal. My object has been to illustrate the contrast of repose and grandeur in nature. It would seem, too, that there is a sympathy between the great and the little; or at all events an entire absence of fear on the part of the pipers."

"The uneducated mind," observed the father, "knows no fear. If you never frightened a child by telling him he would be a thief, he would be a thief by habit."

"We all have observed," said Chesterfield, "that the most common persons are often those who are most ignorant of danger, and vice versa."

"That's the view," said Robinson, "must account for the devotion of the ship on our last cruise."

"How was that?" asked all sides.

"Well, you see we had been out all day in considerable of a gale, and towards night we made a rather intricate harbor without chart or guide. It rained hard and grew dark, and Briggs went nervous. He was on deck, and then would come back into the cabin and say, 'I'll only had the tiller I wouldn't mind.' Slap as Briggs didn't know the first thing about sailing a craft, so thought that rather rich, and objected to any such arrangement. The consequence was Briggs dropped at the next landing."

"Bismarck!" growled Briggs.

"A wise man," said Chesterfield, "when he knows he will give himself over to the tender mercies of the

commander-in-chief—be he skipper, jockey, or engineer. If his head gets broken he has the consolation of knowing it is not his own fault, and if by special grace he is entirely unimpaired, he is saved a world of future trouble. If we were certain the soul would be satisfied as well as the body, I suppose there is not one of us but would engage as stockers on the 'Camden and Amboy.'

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The Saturday Press Book-List.

For the week ending November 10, 1860.

Of course no reader or critic can ever get to the bottom of the course of *N. Y. Books*. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his present SATURDAY PRESS, does not mind by nearly mentioning them in an attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in a simple type, is a very valuable asset.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, D.D., LL.D., for twenty-seven years Bishop of New Jersey, containing his Political, Moral, and Religious Writings, with a Memoir by his son, William Crawford Dana. Volumes I and II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

LEGAL.

THE PRACTICE IN COURTS OF JUSTICE IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES, by George Robinson. Volumes I, II, and III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MEDICAL.

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(For The New York Saturday Press.)
SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Ho! brothers of the North, a word,
Before the deed is done,
Before men separate the two
Whom God hath joined in one.

Before the freeman on each hearth
Is flaming in the air,
Before grey ruin sits and broods
Where once our idols were.

Remember! while time yet remains
To turn in your path,
You never can wipe away the stains
Of blood you spill in wrath.

Remember! how long years ago
We battled side by side,
How victory poured our arms upon
In a relentless tide.

Shoulder to shoulder—hand to hand
We fought our mutual foe,
And grasped the birth-right of our land—
O! shall we let it go?

Since then, for four-score years and more
In harmony we two,
Twin heirs of Liberty, have stood
Together—we and you.

We've braved the nations of the earth
With all their boasted might,
Together we can brave them still
When battling for the Right.

They gaze upon us from afar
In fondish admiration,
To see our great Republic brave
And crush a continent.

And shall they see it, Northern men?
Your blood is in our veins;
Send back an answering No! from Maine
To Indiana's plains.

Let go your traitorous knavish bonds,
Who'd lead you in the wrong,
And join us till each hill resounds
With this true Union song.

God save the Union he has made,
And let it ever stand
While freemen's blood in freemen's veins
Shall circulate through the land.

Let each forgive the other's sin,
And forward on the right,
Till every crime of North and South
Be quenched in glorious light.

New York, Nov. 10, 1890. FRANK H. NORTON.

FAIR ONES WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

The poets, ancient and modern, have a deal to say about golden tresses, yellow dials, and others of kindred hue, more or less skin. And the commentators have been diligent to trace out their meaning, not without some solitude, at times, late pure and simple red should turn out to be the desideratum. What else could Theocritus mean when he made two of his handsome swains purr like cats with tresses like fire? Mr. Leigh Hunt, in reference to this very epithet, cannot believe the favorite golden hair to have been red—for which color, nevertheless, he frankly owns a sort of tenderness—but he thinks the proximity closer than modern taste would approve, and that golden went a good deal beyond what it is sometimes supposed to have been, asburn. "The word yellow, a convertible term for it, will not do for asburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious color, and we suspect will all ways be admired by us of the North, where the fair complexion that recommended golden hair as an asset to be met with, as they are difficult in the South. Ovid and Anacreon are quoted to the purpose—a couplet from the latter being rendered by Ben Jonson in a single line, "Gold upon a ground of black." But Mr. Hunt appeals to a memorandum in his possession, "worth a thousand treatises of the learned," to show what Italian connoisseurs at least understood by golden hair. This is a solitary hair of Vittoria Colonna's contemporary, the famous, or infamous, Lucretia Borgia, "whom Ariosto has praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to think a wretch." It was Lord Byron's gift to the author of "Rimant," and was obtained from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan. And its possessor reports of it, that if ever hair was golden, this is it. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not asburn; it is golden and nothing else; and, though not antique-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass.

Only hair men's lives with golden gold,
Is the last line of a quatrain which Mr. Landor composed in honor of this "bright particular" relic.
Chaucer in his vision of the Queen of Love tells us that

..... her hair it shone as gold so fair,
Daintier than any.

In another vision he sees another beauty "with here shone as gold"—and again, "with here in tresser" and shining every day. So, too, Venus in another of her poems: "Her gliding hair with a gold thread bound, was untressed as the lay." The snowy lady created by Spenser's witch as Flordeliza's double, is carefully provided with the semblance of chloine d'oro:

..... her yellow hair
Like to golden hair did appear:
For golden hair she was called:
To tresser such white hair, as white hair clear:
For it did glitter like the golden hair:
The which Flordeliza with the wren's hair
Therewith forth upon the raven round about her hair.

So the virgin bright Alana's "yellow golden hair" was truly wavy, and in tresser wrought. And in fine, Spenser makes it a foremost danger in "hazels lovely hair," that thereby a man is "wrought to tresser of a golden tress." We might corroborate gentle Edmond's preference by copious testimonies from other Elizabethan poets. Robert Greene in particular, abounds with purple passages. Thus, in his Description of Silverado's Lady, facetiously enough,

Her hair of golden hair grew from the crown
That proud Apollo drew from his crown.

In his "Francisco's Remembrance,"

The golden hair that tresser in the day
In the tresser of her hair,
Her amber tresser did my heart dismay, etc.

In his "Penitent Palmer's Ode"—

unworthy the praising' (bananaster); and begins an Ode with

When gods had framed the sweet of woman's face,
And looked men's looks within their golden hair,
And again brings in a peerless pastoral Phillis, "Gold her hair, bright her eyes, like to Phoebe in his shine." Shakespeare makes Portia's "sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece;" and her bridegroom talks of "those crisped, snaky, golden locks (not meaning hers, look you), which make such wanton gambols with the wind," and do terrible execution the while, saying, too, of his lady-love's portrait in leaden casket he opens,

Here is her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than spiders can in toils be woven.

In such a web was caught our Edward the Fourth—of whose ambitious wife, Elizabeth Woodville, in an historical novel of authority on such points, we read: "Her hair of the pale yellow, considered then the perfection of beauty, flowed so straight and shining down her shoulders, almost to the knees, that it seemed like a mantle of gold."—Edward's own locks, by the way, being "of a rich golden color," that "flowed not in curls, but straight to his shoulders."—In his sixty-first sonnet Shakespeare alludes (as he also does in one of Rascall's speeches, just quoted) to the custom of violating the grave to procure tresses so much in request, and adapt them to living (but otherwise less favored) heads:

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchre, were shown away,
To live a second life on a second head,
Ere beauty's dead tresses made another gay.

The tresses thus obtained, the annotators tell us, were dyed a reddish or golden color, in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, whose natural hair was of that hue, and who herself set the example of wearing artificial locks.

If Milton paints our first progenitor with 'hyacinthine locks,' to Eve he gives the chloine d'oro, rich and rare:

She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresser wore;
Dismal'd, but in woe's religious awe,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which

Milton, we may infer, considered black the best becoming color for the locks of model manhood. Had Ben Jonson been the writer, we may conjecture what coloring he would have given to Adam's hair, from a passage in the *Endymion*, one line of which has been cited already:

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man, with princely hair;
Cast in a thousand strains and rings,
For love's fingers and his wings,
Chestnut curls, or more like gold,
Gold upon a ground of black.

of, we may suppose, a shot-alike look. The stress laid in many of these verses, on "crisped," is noticeable, and points to a particular species, which every reader must have recognized, of the hair called golden.

Scott tells us, of Malcolm Grum, that "his flaxen hair, of sunny hue, curled closely round his bonnet blue"—which might, to malicious anti-Caledonians, suggest more than a soupçon of rousseau. Nero himself has been glorified as a golden-headed, sun-crowned emperor, albeit his hair was not, says Mr. Merivale, "the bright auburn of Apollo, the delight of the Romans, to which it was so often likened, but yellowish or sandy." 'Tis different, but people are apt (especially when an emperor's in the case) to make mistakes of this kind. They fling about their golden epithets with lavish indiscretion. A paragraph in the latest Life of Shelley offers an example of this careless non-distinction of colors. "Persons who had never seen Shelley, or were incapable of correctly distinguishing hues and shades of color, have sometimes erroneously assigned to him 'golden hair.' It was of a dark brown, without a tinge of red, or yellow; there was no more gold in his hair, than there usually was in the poor fellow's pocket." And yet, in some lights, hair even thus described may assume the sunny aspect imitated in Ben's line, of gold upon a ground of black.

Though modern poets may no longer find such a love-lock as their elders did, in each particular hair of the chloine d'oro, still they indulge in worshipping allusions—some of them quite redundantly—to tresses of this tendency. Tennyson's *Enone* has "deep hair ambrosial, golden round her lucid throat and shoulder," and her lover's "sunny hair clustered about his temples like a God's." Longfellow's ideal Maidenhood has locks that

..... tresser the sun,
Golden tresser, shining in one,
As the brushed streamer runs.

Babe Christabel's brow with a very 'dawn of light' was crown'd, and reeling ringlets showered round, like sunny sheaves of golden beams—"and another heroine of the same poet's manufacture (in some manufacture gold is dirt cheap) has "a sumptuous wealth of golden hair." Mr. Alexander Smith, too, spares no expense as regards this precious metal: "Like young Apollo, in his golden curls; 'his cataract of golden curls; 'one white hand hidden in a golden shower of ringlets; 'round his white temples reeled his golden hair, in ringlets beautiful," etc. No wonder heroes who make-up are a thought light-headed, with those reeling ringlets of theirs. Not with them would we class one of Mrs. Browning's fair visions—the *Onora* whose

..... hair drops in clouds amber-colored, still stirred
Into gold by the gesture that comes with a word.

Nor the many glimpses we catch in Mr. Browning's poems, of kindred hue, after Titian's own hair. The author of "Pamela's" is, indeed, addicted beyond the ordinary to aureole capers and their coronal ornaments. His lady, in "A Lover's Quarrel," "presents her hair with gold." His Evelyn Hope's "hair was amber" and "young gold." The last stanza of his "Toccata of Galuppi's" asks,

Dear dead woman, with each hair, too—what's become of all
Used to hang and brush their tresses?

Elsewhere he celebrates "the hair plait's chestnut-gold, and hair unfilled that 'spread through the void with a rich outburst, chestnut gold-interpersed," and of a certain "few beneath its garlands of curly gold," and of "flashing hair" whose "lights and darks off breaking into fairy sparks." The dark inspired, the light controlled—As early Art embodied the gold,—"and so on, in a like sensuous strain, not always easy to unravel.

We were to add to all this anthology a supplement of elegant extracts from prose-romances, we should verily find no end, in the wandering masses lost and tangles of Neera's hair. Mr. Kingsley's Alexandrian heroine is seen wearing a "gold net, which looped back, from her forehead to her neck, hair the color and gloss of which were hardly distinguishable from that of the metal itself, such as Athens might have envied for tin, and mass, and ripple." There is a specimen to begin with—but with it must this else ill-limited digression declare itself definite.—*Memor of Vittoria Colonna.*

—The new story by Charles Dickens will commence on the first of December in *All the Year Round*, under the title "Great Expectations."

—In the London *Times* there is an appeal for a society which has for its object the preservation of the old London, and the extraction of the following passage from the article, which, true as it is, marks a great advance in social science in England. The opinions and suggestions can well be considered and applied to this country, young as we are, and not yet weighed down with the dead remains of effete and ghastly conditions of society.

Modesty is responsible for every human being coming into the world, and bound to see that its coming is not a waste—food, clothing, shelter, and education—be it for the poor or the rich, and that society should be responsible for this, so its own welfare can never be secured on any other conditions. Let society see that every human being coming into the world receives a good education fitted to make it a happy and useful member of society; and put it in the way of getting an honest living, give it a fair chance. In a more summary point of view, this would cost less than our present system of pauperism and crime.

—The first volume of the new edition of Brant's *German Dictionary* has been published in Paris by Dr.

(From the *Crayon* for November.)
CHRISTMID.

You know the strange old Netherland story,
The old, old story of love and hate,
Of fair Christmid, and her rose-garden's glory,
By wrath laid desolate.

Glad shines that garden, with its leagues of roses,
Midway the old time and the new between;
And not a flower its silken hair incloses
So sweet as the Rose-Queen.

She walks there, in the young world's changeful morning,
Entwined with hero-garlands redly gay;
For twelve strong knights, all armed for battle-warring,
To watch the garden, stay.

She seeks undaunted, its remotest edges,
Cut from the forest's still and murky gloom,
Where, right against weird glens and carved ledges,
The freest roses bloom.

Black shadows, in the beech-forest's falling hidden,
That lean to clutch the sunshine's falling gold,
And dim, deep shadows, by the moon's shimmering hidden,
Send her no thrill of cold.

And she can hear, by woman's fears unshaken,
The warrior-pier's long requiem on the air;
And echoes that from unseen hollows waken
A death-wail of despair.

She can pluck roses, unaware of danger,
For innocents keep watch and ward within;
To evil dreads a careless, happy stranger,
Unvisited of sin.

Thus, on the background of an age of terror,
As down a midnight sky the star of love,
Sinking at last in cloudy gulf of error,
Christmid doth brightly move.

One night a dream alighted in her tower:
A mystic fable perched upon her hand,
Daring and beautiful, he curbed his power,
As waiting her command.

Then two fierce eagles, through the vision swooping,
Plunged into that fable bird their cruel claws,
And snatched him from her sight, with sorrow drooping;
Ah! bitter was the cause.

For Siegfried was that fable, her heart's chosen;
Though yet in maiden thought forsworn, unseen;
Meeting in passionate love, to horror frozen,
So ready that false, sweet queen!

Sweet queen! alas, alas! sweet queen no longer,
In wild and bloody anger fades the dream,
The lurid lines of destiny burn stronger,
And hide her beauty's beam.

Gaze long upon the dear, and face before you,
For ne'er a lovelier lady will you see;
Dew-bright from her own garden bending o'er you;
The Rose of Burgundy.

'Tis on the wall of a Bavarian palace;
A fresco by a master-talent wrought;
You see Christmid herself, in waiting malice,
Had all to ruin brought.

She clings to Siegfried, holding on her finger
The falcon of her vision—fated bird!
While nearer, swifter, where his glances linger,
The rush of doom is heard.

Behold the nucleus of the old song's glory;
This is the picture of Christmid to keep;
For you can only finish the wild story
To shudder and to weep.

Link not her name with Etzel's barbarous splendor,
Nor hold him Nibelung's awful snare of death;
Emblem her memory, wondrously tender,
In love's most sacred breath.

In vain! it is too plain—that hateful writing;
Black with the words, her own revengeful plan.
In her own fury her rose-garden's blessing;
As woman's fury can.

Christmid herself, beneath Love's warm, white pinions,
Bred the twin virtues, Jealousy and Hate,
That tore her father, spoiled her fair dominions,
And left her desolate.

Yet she was robbed of all that she had cherished;
Black was the outrage that transformed her so.
Ah! better had she with brave Siegfried perished,
Than lived to work such woe.

O love, in human lives how desecrated—
On history's roll how dark stained their holy name!
With evil and with dark revenge maimed,
Made a thing of shame!

Yet the heart's instincts are no less immortal,
Aye, lovely in her love, Christmid shall stand
Beside her true knight at the palace portal,
The dream-bird on her hand.

(From the *Architect's and Mechanic's Journal*.)
ART CONNOISSEURS.

Of all the consummate bores that can infect the studio of the artist or the office of the architect, none is more self-satisfied and self-appointed art connoisseur! Pope's celebrated couplet,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

was evidently penned with one of those inflated gusts standing for his portrait. At the bare mention of the name, every artist or architect of experience will shudderingly recall the image of some specimen by whom they have been subjected to martyrdom, some time or other; but, for the benefit of those younger members who may not yet have had much to do with art connoisseurs, we will endeavor to designate a few of the peculiarities of the kind.

The chief characteristic of the art connoisseur is an overbearing conceit of his own taste and knowledge of art. Having learned by rote, but without understanding, a few of Ruskin's exquisite transcendentalisms; read just enough of "the orders," in some elementary treatise on architecture, to know an Ionic from a Corinthian column; dabbled in bricks and mortar; and decided to think himself a very "practical" man; and—as a climax—taken perhaps a flying leap to Europe, he is armed cap-a-pie against any architect that may be rash enough to enter the lists against him, from a Scotch street, or Barry, to the authors of diamond palaces on Broadway. As to the sculptor or painter, their pretensions are very soon smothered. He is not the art connoisseur eyes as good as those of any painter or sculptor that ever lived! Is anybody going to tell him what is the perfection of the human form, male or female, in sculpture? or talk to him about the merits of a painted tree or bark, when he has over-learned nature for his guide, backed by his own imagination? While the painter and sculptor have been studying hard how to paint and to carve, while the architect has been for years laboriously working out his conceptions in actual buildings, obtaining day-by-day experience, storing his mind with examples of beauty and ingenious resources, the art connoisseur has been learning how to talk about these matters, and (if fools can be got to believe it) he can easily beat any of the professors of these fine arts with his own wags.

Art connoisseurs almost invariably have some impracticable crochets or other, which forms a sort of key-stone to the rickety arch of their ideas. This crochets, in ten to one, some good notion they have seen somewhere without fully appreciating its true merit and application. We remember one who had taken it into his head that nothing could represent power but perfect whiteness. He was a proud thin Italian nabob, with three lovely daughters, whose portraits he wished painted in his family group, and insisted that they should be all ranged in a row, like three statues, pots diminishing in size, and all dressed in white, even to white satin shoes! In vain the artist protested, suggested, remonstrated. He would make something better by diversifying the attitudes; would it not be better to group them in something of a pyramidal form? Perhaps it might avoid monotony if the colors were varied a little, instead of being all white? No; the art patron was inflexible. He wasn't to be taught how his daughters would look best in a picture; he loved to see them always dressed in white.

—A paper, on each side of the door (in the new edition of Brant's *German Dictionary*), that in the right of the door is a small picture of a woman, and in the left of the door is a small picture of a man, and in the middle of the door is a small picture of a child, and in the bottom of the door is a small picture of a dog, and in the top of the door is a small picture of a cat, and in the side of the door is a small picture of a bird, and in the back of the door is a small picture of a fish, and in the front of the door is a small picture of a man, and in the middle of the door is a small picture of a woman, and in the bottom of the door is a small picture of a child, and in the top of the door is a small picture of a dog, and in the side of the door is a small picture of a cat, and in the back of the door is a small picture of a bird, and in the front of the door is a small picture of a man, and in the middle of the door is a small picture of a woman, and in the bottom of the door is 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